

21st YEAR OF FLYING SAUCERS

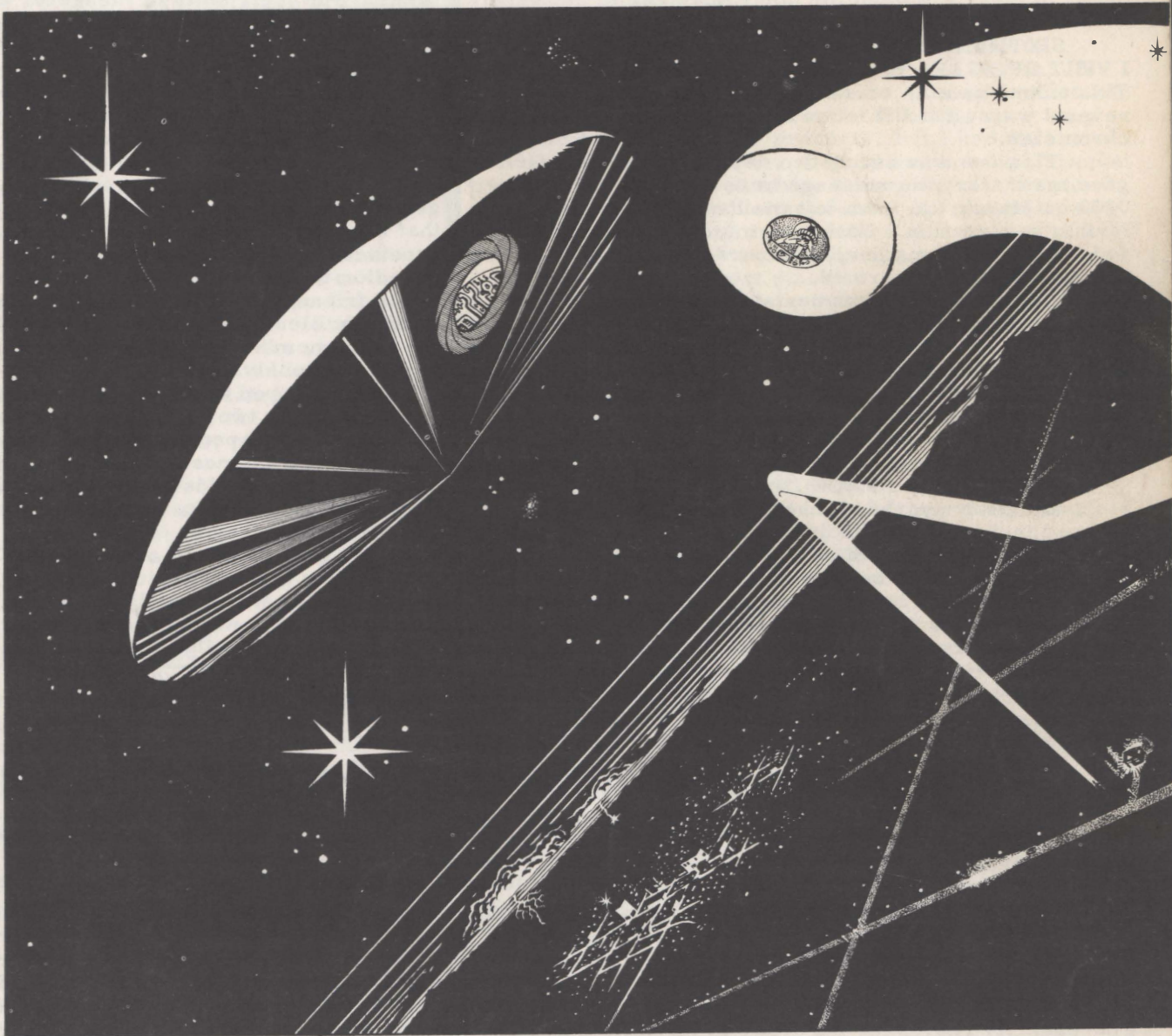
# FLYING

# SAUCERS

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# THE BOB RENAUD STORY

By ROBERT P. RENAUD

## PART 37

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Occasionally our readers ask how Bob Renaud can possibly remember the many details of his experiences long enough to write about them.

It is well known that some people have photographic memories, or almost total recall of their past experiences. However, Bob Renaud says that his memory is about average.

Early in his contacts, the Space People helped Bob remember details by "beaming" information to him, via psychprinting. When he was ready to write, the information seemed to just flow into his mind. (See issue #19, page 3.)

More recently, since he began meeting the Space People in person, they gave him a post-hypnotic suggestion (while he was in an electronically induced hypnotic trance) that whenever he contacted the Space People he would remember every detail until he had written it down. After that his memory would revert to normal and details would gradually be forgotten in order to clear his mind for other business.)

SIXTH IN-PERSON CONTACT--March 4, 1964--I VISIT SPC-12 (A NEW SPHERICAL MOTHER SHIP): This time I have an account that's precedent-setting in several ways, but I'll let you decide. I am merely the chronicler.

This one was set up two days before, when Orii gave me the cryptic message to be ready for pickup at 0200 on March 4th, then left me hanging there without further explanation. Naturally my curiosity was piqued and, as you can imagine, the hours dragged. But finally the appointed time arrived.

I went out a few moments ahead of time to wait for my space friends, noting with pleasure the exceptional warmth of the night. The sky was mottled with greyish clouds which occasionally moved aside long enough to allow a star or two to peek at the quiet Earth in the winter night. My attention was suddenly arrested by a flash of light off to the south that proved to be one of the familiar little scout ships.

INTO OUTER SPACE IN A SCOUT SHIP: It stopped briefly overhead, then plunged like a rock and stopped inches above the driveway, not ten feet away from me. I could feel a slight tingling sensation, not at all unpleasant. When the dome opened, Brother Orii-Val motioned to me to hop in, which I did without hesitation. Once we were on our way, I asked him what our destination was. He replied, "Outer space."

In a scout? "Yes," he replied, "we build our scouts for travel in any medium, from deep water to deep space." I took his word for it, as I had long since learned to have implicit faith in these people.

By now, we had risen far above the clouds and I was just beginning to enjoy the ride, when Orii indicated that I should look upward. I saw what looked like a chrome-plated basketball, increasing in girth by the second. A moment later we were stopped and hovering about five feet below it. Orii flipped a switch on a panel and a small area glowed with the words "Lock Cycling."

SPC-12 AIRLOCK HAS IRIS DIAPHRAM ENTRANCE: Ten seconds later, an iris-type opening began to expand in the hull, stopping at about 25 feet in diameter. We entered it and in seconds were sealed in the lock. I estimated the airlock diameter was about 100 feet, with a 25-foot height. On the wall there was a large board of glowing signs, giving such information as "Cycling," "Pressure Increase," and the actual pressure in their units of measure, namely Salaras per Square Vithali (or Thalu, the unit of area), which adds up on my slip-stick (slide rule) to about 4.77 pounds per square inch.

These lights blinked off in a moment, with the glow of a sign that read "Inner Iris Open." We entered and emerged into a tremendous tube, a hundred feet in diameter and (I was told) 550 feet in length! A good sized tubular scout carrier could be parked in this great shaft. As we rose on the elevator, Orii told me that this was SPC-12, the craft from which I had received radio and TV contacts since that momentous occasion in 1961 when I had my first contact with my space friends, the Korendians. I must say I was really thrilled to hear that. Now perhaps I might meet the crew members who had been but images and voices to me previously.

We stopped at about the three-hundred foot level and watched as two monstrous doors swung open before us, revealing a spacious hangar. Our little ship seemed lost in the vastness of this area, like a fly in Yankee Stadium! As we glided in to our berth, I noticed a number of larger ships, some of them big enough to completely swallow up our tiny craft!

We rode over the copper-hued G-Plate Ring surrounding the central tube until we had gone about a quarter of the way around the hangar. The berth we finally parked in was opposite the personnel elevator. The two sliding "rails" (which actually were like slid-

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ing doors) were closed up tight, forming a wide flat surface. Three other craft similar to ours were there already. (See SPC-12 diagrams on pages 8 and 9. -Ed.)

Orii extended the hydraulic landing rams and we touched down with a very slight bump, which removed my lingering doubts of the reality of this escapade. When the scout craft dome opened we got out and crossed to the escalator-type stairway to the lower level.

Once on this sub-floor, we went over to the Personnel Elevator. Orii summoned it with the button panel, and we waited as it came down to our level. When the doors slid open, we entered the elevator, which was more like a spacious and very posh room. The floor was carpeted in coffee-colored pile, the walls were light tan, and the Lumiglow ceiling emitted a soft cream-colored radiance. I had no time to examine the documents on the wall because we quickly arrived at our destination.

**RECEPTIONIST CHECKS US IN:** When the elevator door opened, we faced a long hallway. About halfway along its length, two wide corridors curved off to unknown destinations. We went to the end of the hall and entered a door to the right. A pleasant-looking lady of about thirty of our years sat at a desk. She greeted us warmly and then asked us for our Security Cards. She returned Orii's quickly after registering it. She inserted my Security Card (obtained previously on my first visit to the Massachusetts Base) into a slot marked Initial Processing, then said to me, "It will just be a few moments, if you'd care to look about meanwhile."

It was a typical receptionist's office in many ways, but there were notable differences. For example, there were two screens on the wall facing her, showing the outside hall from both ends. The pictures were in color and full depth, and could be zoomed for close-up shots if necessary.

On the lady's desk was a small video communicator on standby. There were two tables, one to the left of the door, and one against the wall opposite it. The latter was surrounded by chairs. The former had a variety of leaflets and literature about the ship, including a floor-diagram booklet, printed in five colors and much detail, from which I later copied the accompanying simplified diagrams of the ship (see pages 8 and 9) from a booklet they let me borrow. I leafed through it while waiting.

The room itself was blue in scheme, with a deep blue carpet, sky-blue walls, and white Lumiglow ceiling. Various documents and pictures made up the decor. In all, the atmosphere was very comfortable and friendly.

A tone signified the completion of the processing. I signed a document which was handed to me, and was then given an I. D. badge. I slipped my Security Card into my pocket and we then left by another door. We came into a room that had a look of strictly business. The walls were cream colored and unadorned. The floor was a brown marble-like material. The main feature of this room was the large triangular apparatus in the center. Around the walls were various panels. Orii set up those with controls, then asked me to stand perfectly still in the open part of the triangle, feet together, hands by my side. I was mystified.

**THE DUPLICATING MACHINE TAKES MY ATOMIC PHOTOGRAPH:** I took my place on the red circle on its floor and assumed the correct stance. Orii pressed a button. I felt what can only be described as a wave of energy pulse through me. It was so brief as to be almost unnoticeable. It felt sort of like an instantaneous but very mild electric shock. "That's it," Orii said. "You can come down now."

My curiosity aroused, I said to him, "What was that all about?" He explained that three things had been accomplished: first, I had been photographed in

the usual manner, and second, my psychic makeup had been recorded! Third, and perhaps the most astonishing, he said that in that brief instant he had taken my atomic photograph!

"As you remember," he continued, "teleportation is merely the transmission to a receiver of a pattern of signals corresponding to your atomic structure, where raw material is built up into a body, an object, etc. This unit, instead of transmitting these signals, records them in a brief instant on a blank Pattern Block, which consists of a compressed atomic structure containing as many atoms as a ten-foot cubed block of the densest natural material. The signals impressed upon this block cause the atoms to align themselves in certain ways. When the aligning is completed, a Locking Pulse is sent through it to freeze them exactly as they are. The atomic photo is then completed. There is one taken for everyone that comes on this ship at any time, and that is so for every ship in our Korendian fleets.

"The purpose is quite simple. If a person's body should be damaged beyond normal medical treatment, by accident or otherwise, his body is annihilated, and a new one is built up from the 'picture' in the Pattern Block, which he then occupies, and picks up where he left off. You might say it is a sort of suspended teleportation."

**ATOMIC DUPLICATOR COULD SIMPLIFY EARTH LIFE!:** It took a few moments for me to realize the astounding significance of this device. In effect, it was a duplicating machine. Other contactees had been told by the Space People that it is very easy for them to duplicate our products, but I had always wondered how it was done. I could see now how simple life could be! With a machine that could take an atomic photograph of any product set before it, record it, and duplicate it at any time in the future at the press of a button --- wow! Talk about way-out, wonderful things! Combined with a teleport machine, we'd have a true Aladdin's Lamp! Instant anything! Then another staggering thought occurred. Could this machine in effect produce immortality in the flesh?!!

If only Earth science had such a technology! Man would no longer have to earn his sustenance by hard labor. Tedious manual work would be replaced by advanced science and the push-button. I could see that mankind on Earth could be liberated --- if only they would accept the Space People on friendly terms, and agree to cooperate with them in their program of helping to improve our world for everyone.

**SOME THINGS CANNOT YET BE REVEALED:** I thought about all that as we walked down the aisle to the next stop. It was a classified area, so I cannot divulge what I saw there. However, it was concerned with happenings on Earth, and, I must say, it was definitely an eye-opener!

**TELEPORTATION ROOM--TRAVEL MORE THAN A MILLION LIGHT YEARS DISTANT, INSTANTANEOUSLY!:** Our final visit on this floor was to the teleportation room, halfway around the level from the room we just left. When we entered, three young men greeted us. A second later the central cabinet lit up, and two forms appeared, quickly resolving into a pair of older men, who seemed to be about 45 to 50 years of age. Even so, they were well-formed, with only a trace of grey in their brown hair. When they stepped down from the cabinet, they crossed over from their entry point to the main console, gave one of the operators a card, and left.

This had been done only a few seconds when three girls came in, and handed one of the men a paper with another card clipped to it. They entered the right chamber, the man slipped the card into a slot, and in a second they were gone.

Orii looked momentarily at the card, then told



## THE BOB RENAUD STORY (Cont'd)

me they were destined for Taranal 6, in the Andromeda Galaxy, over one million light years away! Staggering! It sort of makes Earth's science appear a little backward, doesn't it?!

**SPC-12 CONTROL ROOM:** When we had returned to the personnel elevator, our next stop was Level 2, the Control Deck, the brain of the ship, as it were. After leaving the elevator, we turned left and went halfway around the floor, then entered a door labeled "Pilot Area." This was the antithesis of most conceptions of a control room. It was spacious and airy, quiet except for a low music piped in from somewhere. It was decorated in shades of green, with dark forest-colored carpeting, a very light green for the walls, and the typical white Lumiglow ceiling.

There were three electronic panels against the outer wall. On either side of the main console, two smaller semi-automatic units kept a constant communication with the ship's various sections, and by SSR (Sub-Space Radio) with the Korendian home office. Everything was on computer control, and only one person was present besides us. He was no less than the Co-Captain, Quinn Tatrill.

**5000 TV CAMERAS USED FOR HUGE VIEW-SCREEN:** On the various walls were a variety of telescreens, including one wall-to-wall and floor-to-ceiling display on the outer wall. It showed a view of the space outside the ship exactly as if there were a huge reflectionless window there. It was really awe-inspiring to look at. Quinn said, "The image is a composite from something in the neighborhood of 5000 televue cameras spaced at equidistant points around the ship's hull. Their signals are computer-matched, with all overlap eliminated. These cameras contribute the depth effect by virtue of their spacing. This overlap that we mentioned as being eliminated gives the necessary parallax to the computers so that it can calculate the optical distance, and thus the depth effect on this screen.

"The two panels on the opposite wall, on either side of the door, can be switched into individual cameras in this main system, or they can use their own cameras, which can be panned and are equipped with zoom lenses for any view from wide angle to close up. The focal length can also be changed on these latter cameras, from five feet to infinity, which latter setting will show in focus anything beyond thirty feet. Special lenses were developed for this purpose."

We then turned our attention to the main panel. There was a section labeled Automatic Control, no doubt very much like our Autopilot. One lighted sign glowed "on." The rest of the panel had assorted buttons, switches, and small scope screens with a variety of colored traces dancing about on them. An indicator light signified "Hover," and a number of them read "Standby."

**COMMUNICATION CENTER:** Orii then explained the consoles for communication. The left one, he said, was for interplanetary and intership contacts. It could handle 100 conversations or signals simultaneously, all on different channels. Transmission could be via standard carrier-type signals, double sideband, or upper or lower single sideband, in any of the various forms of modulation (Amplitude, Frequency and Phase), as well as unmodulated or modulated Continuous Wave (code).

In addition, there were ten laser transmitter-receivers available for use in strictly private ship-to-ship communication. In all, it was fantastically efficient, especially since all equipment was in that one cabinet, including the units that allowed the computer-controlled operation which was now going on. Frequently, a light would blink on the console, signifying a completed connection between this area and "out there."

The right console was for in-ship communications. It could contact all the intercoms, address systems and communicators on board, individually or collectively. It was capable of carrying 200 separate conversations or connections simultaneously. It, too, was being computer-controlled, and was very busy.

The side walls, dimly illuminated in red light, were explained as televue monitors of any point in the ship that might be necessary for piloting purposes, including the power and drive sections.

We passed through a door in the left wall, and found ourselves in another wall-to-wall screen room. This one was illuminated by subdued light from narrow strips of Lumiglow around the top of the three other walls. The outer wall was a smaller version of the display in the pilot room, but there were no consoles to obstruct the view. In the center of the room was the control board, with a divan on either side of it. The other walls were covered by panels of electronic equipment, most of it featureless except for an occasional pilot light glowing red.

The walls were a soft blue, and the ceiling was a very much lighter shade of it. Grey carpeting completed the solar scheme. A few potted plants, attractively placed, added their delicate fragrance to the atmosphere.

We were the only ones in the room at the time, so Orii sat at the panel and suggested that I sit down on one of the divans. As I did so, I quickly decided that they had also mastered furniture-building! I've never seen a more attractive piece, nor have I sat in one so absolutely delightful!

**EARTH, SUN AND MOON VIEWED CLOSE-UP ON SHIP'S TELESCREEN:** When Orii switched the screen on it flickered momentarily, then burst into brilliance with a glorious display of stars. He explained that the panel used the main camera network for its feed. As he spoke, he set a switch that started up a slow, steady sweep from left to right. Soon the edge of the Earth came into view, and he stopped the panning when it was centered on the screen and filled most of it. Another switch brought more cameras into play, and the disc contracted until it was about three feet in diameter. The atmosphere formed a hazy glow around it, especially in the sunlit areas. Our planet is beautiful beyond description from up there. It's too bad that all our people cannot see that splendor. I'm sure they'd be far less willing to blast it into oblivion if they could!

**OLD SOL:** He continued the sweep until the Sun came into view. Its brilliance, even on this screen, cast strong shadows on the far wall. Orii expanded the disc until it was about five feet in diameter. The coronal glow, shimmering out beyond the sharp outline of the orb, was a sight that most astronomers would give their right arms to see, especially this way. It was completely free of atmospheric perturbation, and didn't depend on the fleeting shadow of the Moon in a solar eclipse in order to be seen. Here it was, spraying out from the Sun like filmy gauze, with the stars behind glowing through it like diamonds. Another awe-inspiring, unforgettable sight!

The disc itself had a few of those solar freckles, the sunspots, on its face. They are of course few and far between, this being one of the years in the low side of the sunspot cycle of about 11 years. It would be interesting to see it during the maximum-activity periods. As I watched, a strong prominence flared up from the left edge of the disc, arched upward, and was gone in a few seconds. This type of activity was occurring occasionally around the rim. I estimated that it had risen something like ten thousand miles from the solar surface. The power in that one burst would have run our planet for months!



## THE BOB RENAUD STORY (Cont'd)

THE MOON: A bit more sweep brought the Lady Of The Night into prominence, our own shining satellite. It was a stark kind of beauty. A little more than half of it was illuminated, since it was two days away from the last quarter. The side which was illumined by Earthshine formed a ghostly finish to the circle, overshadowed by the Sun's direct light. It looked cold and dead --- but I cannot doubt that life exists there. I am told that it does!

UNMANNED DISC CONTROL ROOM: Orii switched off this scene and, after reluctantly parting myself from that luxurious sofa, we left the room. A trip about 2/5ths of the way around the corridor brought us to the Unmanned Disc Control Room. Here an entire room is devoted to the remotely controlled objects that the Air Force calls "weather balloons," "high flying Canadian geese," "hallucinations," "swamp gas," and other equally ridiculous terms calculated to ridicule and to discredit the seriousness of the saucer subject in the eyes of the public.

The main panel was the enormous display rack around the outer wall. Seven stools were spaced evenly before it. Only three of them were occupied --- by young men who appeared to be in their early twenties. The center of the room held two long control boards with the buttons, switches, and knobs necessary to plot a flight pattern, send off a disc and bring it back, as well as getting from them whatever information was necessary.

Six small tape decks to the left were used for automatic disc control, by simply dropping on a pre-recorded tape and pressing the dispatch button. They also were used to record maiden flights over certain courses for later use. Two of these decks were in operation, with the tape reels slowly unwinding, telling their story of beeps and pulses to the listening radio-controlled equipment, which manipulated its little flitting eyes according to the signals.

On the right wall a segmented telescreen, divided into four parts, monitored the video transmissions from the discs. Only one of them was in use, showing a clear view of the Pentagon in Washington. I was told that it was also monitoring brain waves from inside the five-sided military command center. These patterns were being displayed on the output rack.

The walls on both sides of the hall door were covered with large cabinets and racks of tapes. All were labeled in some unknown script, probably Korendian. There must have been two or three thousand reels in these shelf units!

Orii said, "Let's not dally here. Two more are about to be launched on a magnetic vortex scouting mission. Let's go into the next room." We passed through a portal at the end of the screen and we were in another large area in which were 8 pillars (for lack of a better word). They were about twenty feet in diameter and about three feet high. Orii called them Disc Tables.

Six of them were divided on top by transparent panels layed out in a three-point arrangement. As we had entered the room, we had passed by one of the Tables whose disc was off gathering data somewhere. This gave me an opportunity to examine the berth itself.

It was a shallow depression in the material of the Table, no doubt curved to fit the contours of the disc. Along the upper edge of the cup is a metal ring about half an inch wide. In the bottom of it is a metal disc about three inches in diameter, raised slightly from the bottom. It could be depressed with the finger.

These served as the two contacts for application of charging current when the disc is berthed. I learned that there is a section of the bottom of the disc which is insulated electrically from the rest of the hull. This

section touches the disc-shaped contact when at rest, so as to complete the current path from the center contact, through the equipment, and out through the hull and the ring around the edge.

Two smaller Disc Tables, each about 12 feet in diameter, held one large disc about twice the diameter of the others. Near the center of the room was a small console with about fifty switches and pilot lights, about half of them glowing. They powered the chargers and the in-berth test equipment. As I was looking at it, two of the Charge lights blinked off and a pair of discs rose from the Table to the left of the airlock. They hovered momentarily while an "In Cycle" light glowed, then disappeared into the opening that appeared in the door to the airlock. Seconds later, the Cycle light flashed off, and things were once more normal.

I'd like to say here that at no time was there any sound other than the low hum of the equipment, most of it coming from the two chargers, one to each side of the room between the Tables. Occasionally I thought I could hear a relay click.

When we left this fascinating room, I found that we had come full circle on this level and, as we boarded the elevator to go to the next level, I wondered what might be our next point of interest. It was only a few seconds until I found out.

LABORATORY DECK: We by-passed the next two levels and stopped on the fifth, the Large Laboratory deck.

PSYCH LAB PROBES MINDS FOR SECRET INFORMATION: Our first stop on this deck is the Psych Lab. We entered through a small door marked "Test Personnel Only." The outstanding feature of this tremendous room was the central chamber, which was a huge cabinet that dwarfed the man seated inside it. There were about fifteen people in this room besides us, including the two at the Test Desks on either side of the aisle leading to the cabinet. These last two were firing questions at the man inside, who was bathed in a pulsating blue-white light.

In response to my mental question, the man at the desk near us answered. "He is a Terran (Earthman). He works in a military base, on Top Secret devices that we need to know about in order to further our research. When he is brought back to Earth, his memory of this will be erased. We had to pick him up while he was on vacation in the mountains, in order to avoid suspicion."

When I asked what he was undergoing, Orii replied, "The blue light is the ionization of the air by the Psychprobe beam, which is recording his thought patterns as we ask questions. Whether he answers them orally or not, his subconscious mind will furnish the needed data. No, we do not invade his private life. This would be against our ethical code. We need merely his knowledge of this device. We will not and cannot go beyond this point. Actually, he volunteered when we came upon him, probably because he thought we were practical jokers. At any rate, we have his signature on a document giving us permission to perform this probe. He is fully conscious now, and can tell us when we are going beyond his limits of privacy." This comforted me somewhat. At least nothing would be done against this man's basic rights.

TAPE RECORDERS USE METAL TAPE AND LASER BEAMS TO PRODUCE HIGH FIDELITY AT SLOW SPEEDS: We talked briefly with the others who were watching the boards, then stopped at a recorder bank in the far left corner of the room. I asked Orii, "How can the tape, moving so slowly, record the data which the probe is getting with sufficient accuracy and fidelity?"

"Our recorders," said he, "use a tape that is a veritable ribbon of metals with magnetic properties."



## THE BOB RENAUD STORY (Cont'd)

Yours uses a metallic oxide, usually of iron oxide, bonded to the surface of the tape's base. This is the difference. Since iron oxide is at best crystalline, there is a fairly high amount of useless space between the atoms of iron in the tape, which limits the fidelity at low speeds, since part of the input signal might be lost in the inter-atomic space.

"Our tape, being a continuous band of metal, has only molecular space between the atoms, which allows frequencies that are hundreds --- if not thousands of times --- higher than those which your tape can handle, per inch, at any given recorder speed. You might use the comparison of a barrel of marbles as opposed to a barrel of fine sand. The same space has millions more atoms at much less distance from each other.

"The recording head itself has a gap, cut by laser, only a hundredth of a micron wide, a micron being one thousandth of a millimeter, and there are 25.4 millimeters to the inch. We are working on one, also laser cut, that is a hundredth of a microinch wide! It has been done experimentally in our lab here, and we have used it in a video recorder with a tape speed of three inches per second, giving a picture to equal the best of your live TV transmissions. When these new recording heads are in production, they will be used to replace all those on this ship's recorders. This will allow us to use slower tape speeds, which in turn will conserve tape. Indeed, even though we use the Universal Economics system, we like to cut down on expenses and operate more efficiently to conserve both manpower and materials."

**RADIATION LAB:** After about a half-hour in this area, we moved off to another great cavernous room, the Radiation Laboratory. It too had a central unit, only this one was a good deal larger than the last. We stayed in here but a moment, as it was devoid of occupants and everything was shut down. There is nothing colder than a roomful of silent electronic equipment. The Lumiglow was down low, casting an eerie half-light on the machinery, which added to the mysterious nature of the room. As we left, Orii said to me, "That machine in the middle can produce a beam of radiation that can penetrate 60 feet of lead. It will produce Alpha, Beta and Gamma radiation, as well as two other varieties, the Xeric and the Colaric, in intensities that could literally disintegrate living matter, in a matter of microseconds!" Pleasant thought!

**RECREATION FLOOR:** Our final visit on this floor was to another classified area. We then returned to the elevator and dropped two floors to the Recreation Level. Here on one floor is sufficient entertainment and game area for a small city!

**TEN LANE BOWLING ALLEY PROVIDES FUN AND EXERCISE ON SPACESHIP:** We visited first the bowling alleys (that's right, ten of them), all regulation sized. They picked up the game from us, which I think is some kind of fame for Earth!

Orii challenged me to a string, and I of course could not refuse, being the bowling fan that I am. He beat me by three points, 194 to 191.

The alleys were complete to the automatic pin-setters. They were unique in that they fanned outward, following invisible radii from the center of the ship out to the wall. Very comfortable seating was provided behind the divider partition separating the alleys from the spectator area. Two immaculate locker rooms were provided for men and women.

**SYNTHETIC HAM SANDWICH IS DELICIOUS SNACK:** We stopped off at the dining area and indulged in milk and ham sandwiches. The ham, Orii explained, was synthetic meat exactly like the original but lacking the harmful elements, and it was enriched. It was the best "ham" I've ever tasted, so I was amazed to find out that it wasn't real. The bread ranked with the best

of our homemade varieties in taste, texture, and quality. The milk was "udderly" delicious (pun intended)! I couldn't help wondering if they got it the hard way (by milking cows), or simply by using the Atomic Duplicator and pushing a button! I suspected the latter. By means of the latter method also, they wouldn't have to kill animal life to be provided with all the delicious meats and other foods they needed.

### MARTIANS SPOOF "MY FAVORITE MARTIAN":

After this snack, we headed for the theatre, where we stayed long enough to watch the end of a show coming over the TransGalaxy Video transmitter on Mars. It was, in fact, a parody on "My Favorite Martian," which struck me especially funny, since I have always enjoyed that show very much.

### VIETNAM WAR NEWS TAPED BY RK-11 VIDEO

**CREW:** We talked a while with a technician there, then stopped off to watch a show being taped in the TS (Telescreen) studio for showing later that day aboard ship. It was a documentary of sorts, on the Vietnam farce, with commentary by members of their Terratology department. I got the impression that they consider the whole Vietnam affair a senseless and unnecessary tragedy.

Finally, we went into the game rooms and watched such sports as tennis, billiards, and chess. We took up cues and went through a few rounds of billiards. This was my first attempt at the game but I fared well enough, if I do say so myself. Quite a group had gathered, and a thought occurred to me. Orii picked it up and said, "Telekinesis isn't allowed. Don't worry about that!"

A short game of chess rounded out the visit to this deck, and we bid adieu to our companions. Soon we were on our way again, via elevator, to another floor.

### 700 PRIVATE ROOMS ON "SLEEPING

**QUARTERS" DECK:** We stopped momentarily on the Sleeping Quarters level, and Orii showed me one of the rooms. Each person aboard has his own compartment. There were some 700 separate compartments on this level, each just roomy enough to contain comfortable furnishings. Our engineers would do well to attain this sort of compactness.

As we went back up again in the elevator, I sensed that this tour was drawing to a close. I was reluctant to leave, but yet I was so very thankful for what I had been shown. We stopped at the administration deck, and soon entered into a fantastic lounge (that is the only word for it). In length and width at least, a fairly large ranch-style house could be built in it with room to spare!

It was carpeted in a deep luxurious pile of maroon color, blending perfectly with the silver-grey walls. We stayed here only a moment, then entered through a door in the side wall to a smaller, but equally posh, room.

**I MEET WITH OLD FRIENDS:** As we entered, the people rose to greet us. I recognized many of them, and it stunned me. There were not only several of my friends from past radio and TV contacts, but three Masters and an Elder Master as well! Lin-Erri was also there and, as an added surprise, the lovely Astra-Lari was present. She came over, took my hand, and led me to the very comfortable divan facing one of the two bookcases. The Masters then seated themselves, and our talk began.

**THE MASTERS SPEAK:** I might mention that the Masters were Kalen-Li, Astir-Jolen, and Kren-Lor Altor. The Elder Master was the venerable Akrim-Vesta Antiri, from Korendor. He spoke first, in the typical friendly and unpretentious way in which they all converse.

"Well, Bob, what do you think of our space-



## THE BOB RENAUD STORY (Cont'd)

traveling city from what you've seen of it so far?"

"Fabulous. Really fabulous. And I'll say this --- it certainly explodes a few of our pet theories about physics, etc. Just the sheer size of this ship, in itself, would cause a few headaches and upsets in our research labs!"

"The next time you visit," he said, "you'll see some equipment that would rock your science to the core. In fact, I think that even such a simple device as the Atomic Photograph would raise eyebrows from New York to Sydney, exactly for the reason that your science has decreed such to be in the realm of fairy tales. We don't mean to criticize your science, of course. But you still have much to learn, as do we."

"One should, however, be wary of stamping the label 'Impossible' on anything. What can be conceived can be achieved! I think that you will agree that some of the things we have shown you are perfect proof of that statement." I couldn't agree more!

Master Kalen-Li took over. "This is only a brief meeting now, Bob, so that we may all get acquainted. In the future, we will be ready with more imposing information for you. However, let us not dwell on the more serious topics at this time. Have you any questions for anyone here?"

HOW DID THE BEATLES GET IN HERE?: I hesitated --- but the temptation was so great that I couldn't resist it. "This is in a rather light vain, but it's something I've wondered about: I'd like to know your opinion of the Beatles!"

"I like them." That from Astir-Jolen! Kren-Lor said, "I haven't decided yet, but I can't offer any criticism of them from what I have seen to date." The rest of them were divided in opinion, with one of the engineers referring to them as "those silly, gyrating floor mops," which evoked great laughter from those present. Astra-Lari, the youngest of the group next to me, wouldn't commit herself either way.

BACK TO EARTH: We spent the rest of the time discussing the ship, their home planet, etc. After an hour or so of pleasant informality, we found that it was time to leave. I bid them all farewell, and reluctantly followed Orii back to the elevator, and soon we were at the hangar again. Once we took off it was only scant minutes until we were slipping back into the atmosphere.

By now the sky had cleared up and daylight was well on its way. Orii took the chance of our being seen anyway, and dropped the little scout ship low enough to allow me to jump out. He waved goodbye, closed the dome and was gone in a few seconds, leaving a pensive Earthman standing there looking after him, strangely feeling both sad and happy. After a few moments of contemplation, I realized that there was nothing to do but go in and try to resume my terrestrial life as well as I could.

Already I began to count the time until the next meeting.

### PART 38

SEVENTH IN-PERSON CONTACT, 2:00 A.M. TO 5:00 A.M., E. D. T., JULY 30, 1964--WE PSYCH-PROBE THE PENTAGON: This is the account of an experience which I consider to be the most momentous one of my life, at least to date. Things occurred in this meeting that I would find incredible if I had not personally experienced them.

Right from the start, I had the feeling that this was going to be a real jewel of a contact. I was listening to the radio when Orii-Val's voice popped in quite suddenly, saying only, "Be outside in one minute, Bob." It was so abrupt that for a second I wondered if I had really heard it at all.

My questions were answered a minute later,

under the star-filled summer sky. The same little scout ship I had ridden in so often was back. As it landed, its top opened, and I noticed with amazement that no one was inside!

I SOLO PILOT A SCOUT SHIP!: Hovering overhead, the larger scout from which this little craft had come was blotting out a wide circle in the sky overhead. A small lighted opening on one side was awaiting our little ship. Without further ado, I quickly climbed aboard and the dome shut over me.

Then a stunning announcement came over the communicator: I was to fly this little craft up into the larger one! Now, I am always honored that they have confidence in me, but this was just a little bit out of my line, and I told them exactly that.

Orii-Val explained over the scout's communicator, "The controls are the same as on my personal craft, except for the 'Tilt' control. I'd advise that you lift off quickly, else you'll be discovered, which we don't want to happen."

I OVERSHOOT THE MARK: Having completely ignored my reasoning, Orii left me with the impression that I was on my own. The glare of headlights from the north added the necessary impetus. I locked the seat belt and as the car rounded the corner I punched the elevation control forward, and immediately regretted it. (Note: See cover illustration. -Ed.)

A sturdy smack on the seat of my pants and a blurring of the terrain showed well the ability of this ship. When I caught my breath again, I noted on the altimeter (the only gauge then illuminated) that in the blink of an eye I had risen some 2500 feet! The larger ship was a thousand feet below me! On the communicator I heard the crew of the big craft bantering about my hot-rod tendencies!

DOCKING WITH THE MOTHER SHIP: Pulling back on the lever, I soon dropped to the altitude of the larger scout. A 45-degree turn to the right and a few hundred feet later, I was centered under the opening. Very delicately, I rose into the gaping hole, and soon was hovering inside a hangar holding three of these little discs. Orii was standing against one wall, leaning on a control cabinet with one elbow, and pretending he hadn't seen me come in.

A little jockeying of the controls, requiring no more effort than maneuvering the Queen Mary in a wading pool, brought me to what might be called a safe landing in the mother ship's berth. Only when the top opened up did friend Orii turn his attention my way. With an expression of mock surprise he said, "Back from space so soon?" I winced a bit at that.

Lin-Erri entered at that moment and, glancing my way, said, "Well, well. If it isn't the Barney Oldfield of the saucer set!" In self-defense I said, "What do you expect? After all, it was only my second time flying one of your machines, and also that car was approaching mighty fast."

OFF TO WASHINGTON, D. C. IN A SPECIAL RESEARCH SHIP: They both laughed heartily, and we went into the ship proper. This one was a large central room divided by low partitions into several sections. I was told it was for research only. As we crossed the room to the pilot's area, I noted a slight feeling of movement underfoot. The pilot explained, "We're now heading for the area of Washington, D. C. We have a little work to do there, and we thought you might be interested in coming along, both for information and for the ride. When we get there, perhaps you'd like to learn how to operate a few of these instruments." (Nobody need make an offer like that to me twice, I assure you!)

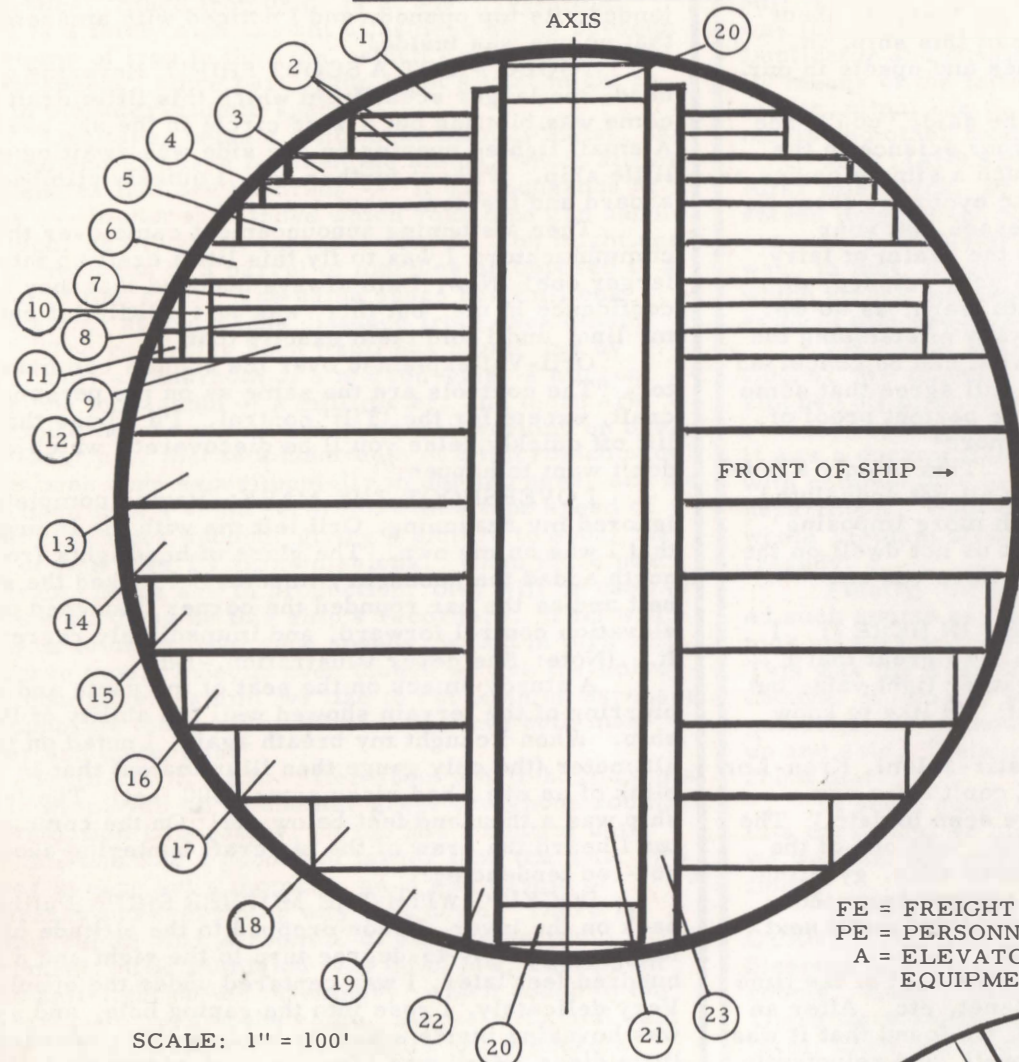
We sat for the duration of the trip on a curved bench facing a screen on which was displayed a bird's-eye view of the terrain as it passed under us. About



# ALLIANCE SPACESHIP SPC-12

(BOB RENAUD'S CONTACT OF MARCH 4, 1964)

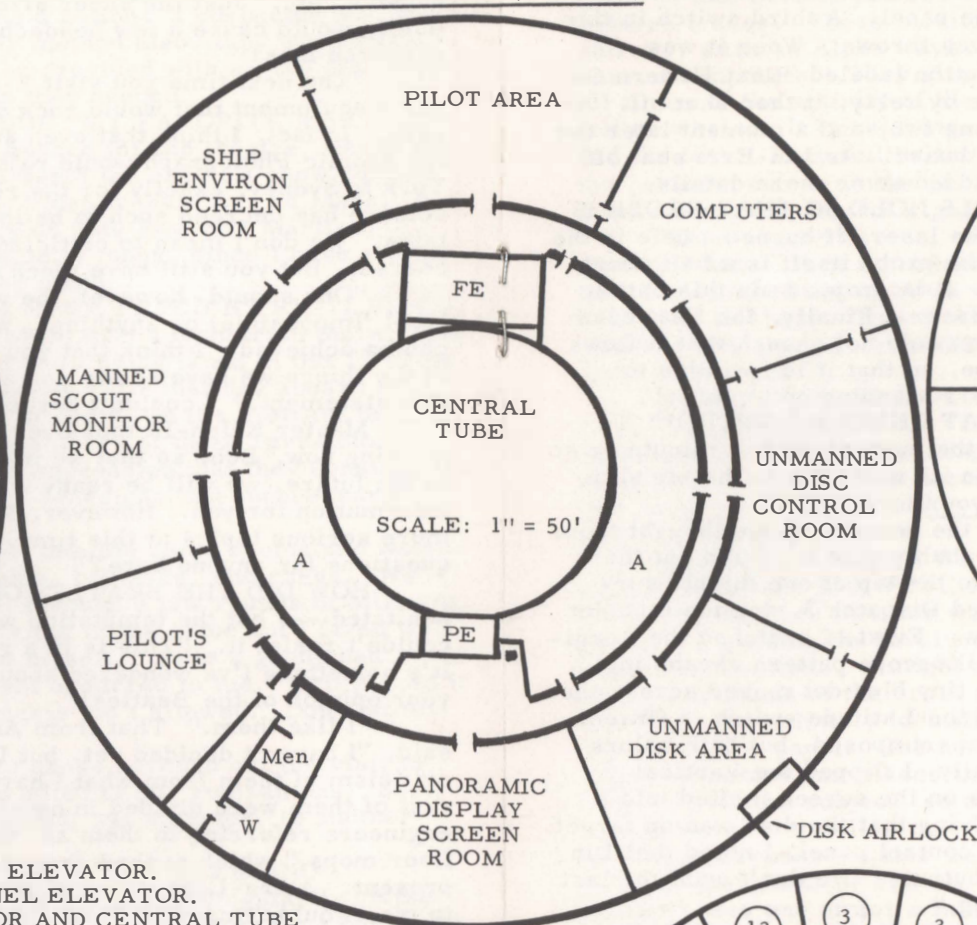
SPC-12 FLOOR LAYOUT (SIDE VIEW)



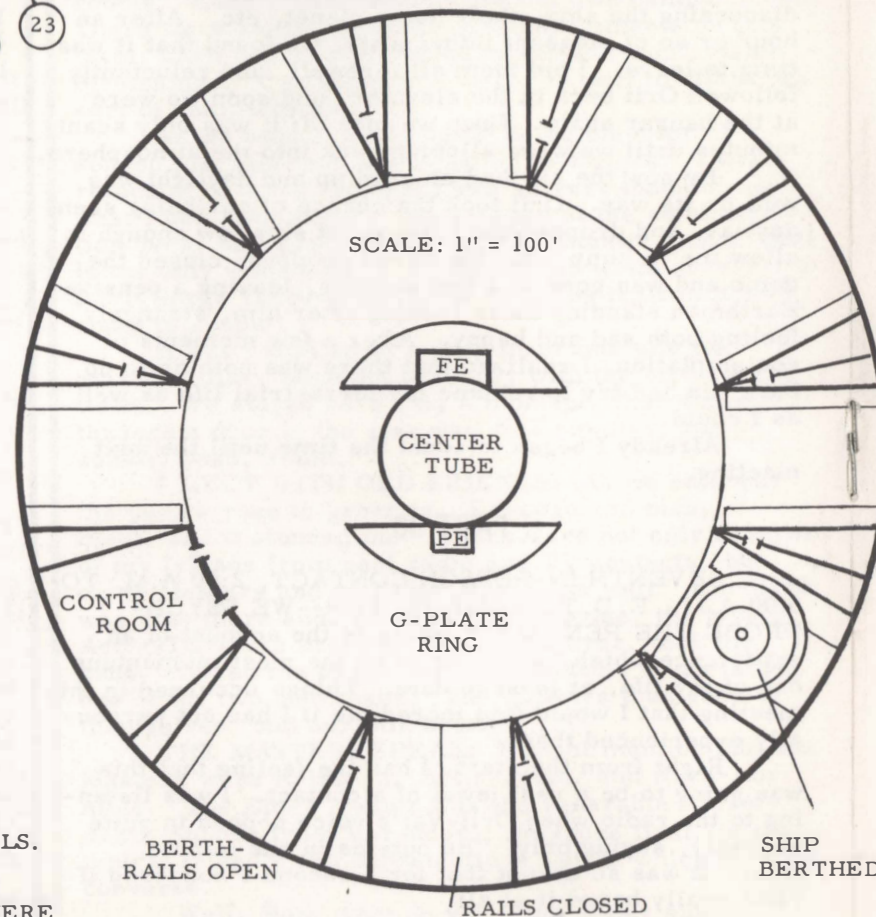
SCALE: 1" = 100'

1. UPPER AIRLOCK EQUIPMENT.
  2. CONTROL DECKS.
  3. DATA PROCESSING, COMPUTERS, ETC.
  4. SMALL LABORATORIES.
  5. LARGE LABORATORIES.
  6. MAIN STORAGE.
  7. ADMINISTRATION DECK.
  8. LOUNGE, RECREATION, DINING, KITCHEN, GAME ROOMS, ETC.
  9. SLEEPING QUARTERS.
  10. ELEVATOR FROM PERSONNEL AIRLOCK TO LEVELS 7, 8, 9.
  11. PERSONNEL AIRLOCK.
  - 12, 13, 14. SCOUTCRAFT HANGARS: ALL SCOUTS UNDER 100' DIAMETER.
  15. SCOUT MAINTENANCE AND REPAIR LEVEL.
  16. HEAVY EQUIPMENT STORAGE.
  17. COMPUTERS, ANALYZERS, SWITCH-GEAR, POWER CONTROL EQUIPMENT.
  18. POWER, HEAT, LIGHT, WATER, AIR; PUMPS, GENERATORS, CONVERTORS; LARGE ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT; DRIVE AND GRAVITY EQUIPMENT; MISCELLANEOUS LARGE MACHINERY FOR SHIP USE.
  19. AIRLOCK CONTROL EQUIPMENT, LOWER AIRLOCK.
  20. SCOUTCRAFT AND LARGE EQUIPMENT AIRLOCKS, UPPER AND LOWER.
  21. MAIN TUBE FOR SCOUTS AND LARGE UNITS; MAGNETIC LIFT FOR SCOUTS; PLATFORMS IN AREA 16 FOR LARGE EQUIPMENT MOVING.
  22. SMALL PERSONNEL ELEVATOR TO ALL LEVELS.
  23. LARGE PERSONNEL AND SMALL EQUIPMENT ELEVATOR TO ALL LEVELS.
- (AREAS BETWEEN WALLS AND HULL OF SHIP (WHERE THEY EXIST) CONTAIN WIRING, PIPING, CABLES, SMALL MACHINERY, ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT, ETC.)

CONTROL DECK (LEVEL 2)

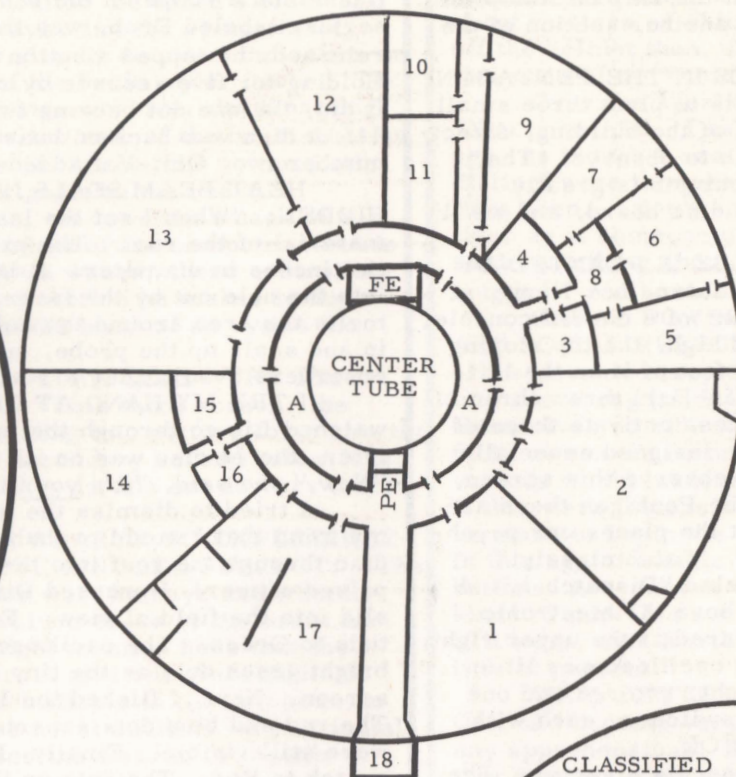


FE = FREIGHT ELEVATOR.  
PE = PERSONNEL ELEVATOR.  
A = ELEVATOR AND CENTRAL TUBE EQUIPMENT.



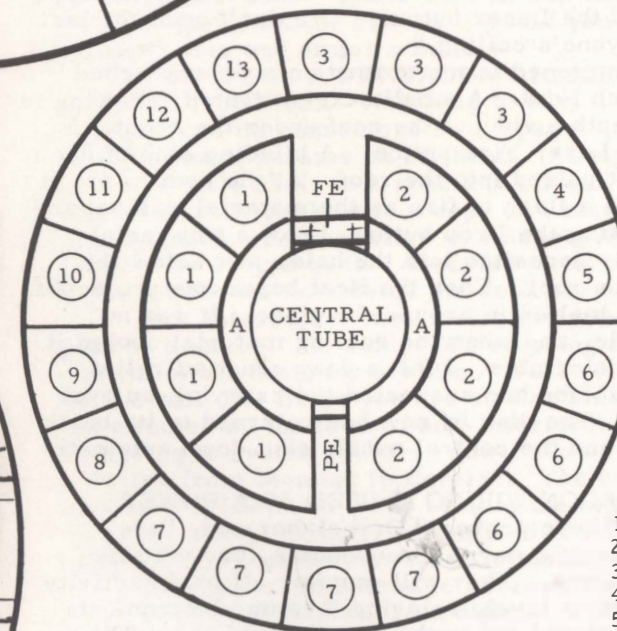
HANGER LEVELS 12, 13, 14.

RECREATION AREA (LEVEL 8)



SCALE: 1" = 100'

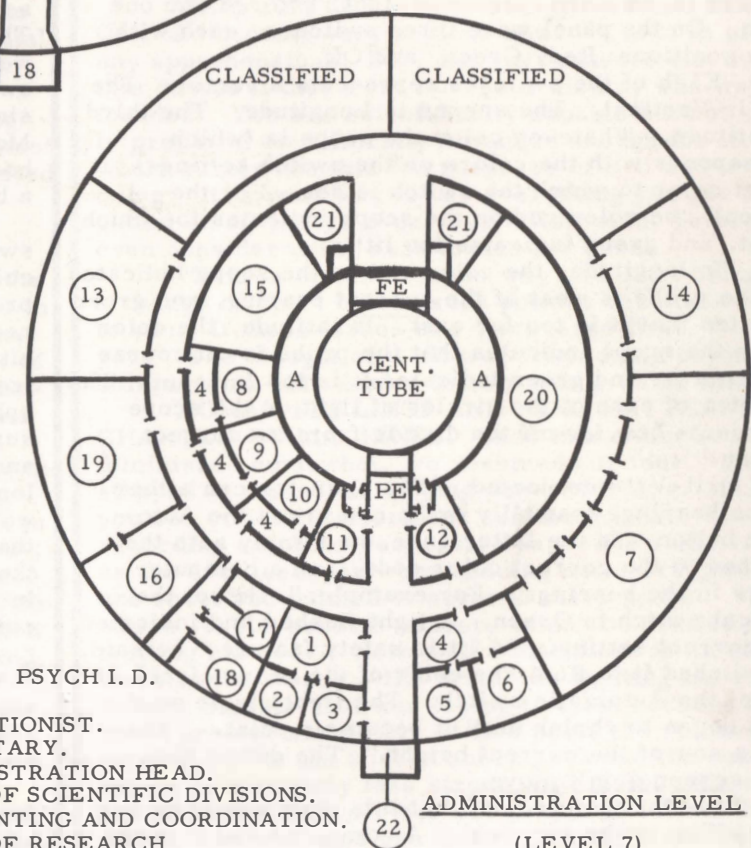
1. Theatre
2. Telescreen Studio
3. Chess and Cards
5. Tennis Court
6. Miscellaneous Games
7. Billiard Tables
8. Lockers and Cabinets for Storage
9. Storage
10. Men's Room
11. Ladies' Room
12. Kitchen
13. Dining Area
14. Bowling
15. Lockers
16. Lockers
17. Main Lounge
18. Elevator to Personnel Airlock



SCALE: 1" = 100'

SMALL LABS (LEVEL 4)

1. BIOLOGY LABS
2. ELECTRONICS
3. CHEMISTRY
4. SOUND
5. LIGHT
6. RADIATION
7. PSYCH
8. ATMOSPHERE
9. PHYSICS
10. MATERIALS
11. MAGNETIC
12. GRAVITIC
13. CLASSIFIED



ADMINISTRATION LEVEL (LEVEL 7)

SCALE: 1" = 100'

1. PHOTO, PSYCH I.D.
2. FILES.
3. RECEPTIONIST.
4. SECRETARY.
5. ADMINISTRATION HEAD.
6. HEAD OF SCIENTIFIC DIVISIONS.
7. ACCOUNTING AND COORDINATION.
8. HEAD OF RESEARCH.
9. HEAD OF PERSONNEL.
10. SHIP'S CAPTAIN OR COMMANDER.
11. POWER AND INTERCOMS.
12. LOCKERS.
13. TELEPORTATION ROOM.
14. DISPENSARY - INFIRMARY.
15. ATOMIC STRUCTURE PATTERN RECORDER-DUPPLICATOR; THE "BODY ROOM."
16. LOUNGE 2.
17. MEN'S ROOM.
18. LADIES' ROOM.
19. LOUNGE 1.
20. CLASSIFIED.
21. STORAGE.
22. PERSONNEL AIRLOCK (ELEVATOR TO).



## THE BOB RENAUD STORY (Cont'd)

ten minutes and about 300 miles later, we came to a stop over the Pentagon, at an altitude of five miles. The pilot adjusted the ECM (Electronic Counter-Measure) to insure that our ship would be undetectable by radar. With this done, he put the ship on Autopilot and went out through a door into another section of the craft.

WE PLANT PSYCHPROBES IN THE PENTAGON: Orii began. "Our purpose here is to plant three small psychprobe monitors on the roof of the building, directly over three offices that we wish to observe. The three men are at work now, so our job is greatly simplified. Let's go over to the disc board, and we'll begin phase one."

2" DIAMETER PSYCHPROBE IS PLANTED BY REMOTE CONTROL: A moment later, Lin-Erri, Orii-Val and I were seated in front of a curved console, about ten feet long and three feet high, the top sloping upward to the wall. About three feet of it on the left end was the Dispatch Section. Lin-Erri threw three of ten switches, and explained, "These activate three of our small 4-foot diameter discs, designed especially for this purpose. Now, if you'll observe this screen, you'll note that on an outline of the Pentagon there are three red dots. These represent the places our psychprobes will be buried in the roof. Watch closely."

She depressed a button labeled "Dispatch 1." A second later, on a view screen above the electronic console, a blue blip of light appeared at the upper right. As the dot came into view, three oscilloscopes lit up. On their faces were circles of light, two red and one green. On the panel were three switches, each with three positions: Red, Green, and Off.

"Each of the switches represents a vector. The first is Vertical. The second is Longitude. The third is Latitude. Whatever color the scope is (which corresponds with the colors on the switch settings), it is that color to which the switch is set. For the vertical, the color red on the scope indicates too much height, and green indicates too little.

"In longitude, the color red on the scope indicates that the probe is west of the correct bearing, and green indicates that it is too far east. In latitude, the color red on the scope indicates that the probe is off course to the north, and green indicates it is too far south. The diameter of each of the circles of light on the scope represents how far off the disc is from its correct bearing."

Orii-Val interjected, "The operator can either set the bearings manually or he can press the Automatic button. In the latter case, he simply sets the switches to the correct color code, and a computer zeroes in the bearings. For example:" He set the Vertical switch to Green. A light flashed and indicated an incorrect setting. "A little safety feature," he said. He switched it to Red, the color of the scope circle, and set the Automatic switch. The light circle on the scope began to shrink until it became a point. "The disc is now at the correct height." The dot on the large screen didn't move.

Lin-Erri pointed out that this disc was to be set on an office to the far right. A computer had already calculated the exact bearings for placement of all three psychprobes, and its results were displayed on this monitor.

The next switch, the Latitude, was set to Red. The Automatic controls moved the little disc southward on the monitor, until the second scope had a dot of light. Finally he switched the Longitude to Green. As the third scope pattern shrank, the moving dot converged upon and merged with that one representing the Pentagon office. A tone sounded, and everything went to standby condition. Phase 2 was ready.

LASER BEAM CUTS HOLE IN ROOF FOR

PSYCHPROBE: Orii went to a small panel in the center and switched on its power. A number of lights glowed, and it was ready. He set a knob marked Laser Output and pressed a button labeled Laser Fire. A blip flashed on a scope on the panel. A third switch in this series, labeled Drop, was thrown. When it was released, he tapped a button labeled "Heat Pattern On." Holding for five seconds by relay, it then shut off. As it did, the one dot became two, and a moment later the 4-foot disc was back on board. As Lin-Erri sent off number two, Orii-Val added some more details.

HEAT BEAM SEALS HOLE SO THAT PROBE IS HIDDEN: "When I set the laser, it burned a hole in the material of the roof. The probe itself is a ball about two inches in diameter. It is dropped via this button into the hole cut by the laser. Finally, the Heat beam melts the area around the hole hot enough that it flows in and seals up the probe, so that it is invisible to observers even if they are standing on top of it!"

I TRY MY HAND AT REMOTE CONTROL: I watched Lin go through the motions and, a minute or so later, the #2 disc was on its way back to the big ship. "Now," she said, "it's your turn."

I tried to dismiss the uncomfortable thought from my mind that I would probably goof it up and put the disc through the roof into the lap of one mighty surprised officer! I pressed Dispatch 3, and the blue dot slid into the field of view. First, I switched the Longitude to Green. The oscilloscope pattern shrank into a bright green dot, as the tiny blue dot moved across the screen. Next, I flicked the Latitude switch to Green. The red and blue dots superimposed, but both colors were still visible. Finally, I flipped the Vertical switch to Red. The dots on the screen melted into a single white spot, signifying that the disc was on target. Moving over to the next control panel, I noted that Lin had adjusted the Laser output. "We don't want to blast a hole in anyone's ceiling."

Orii motioned to me to turn on a yet untouched switch, which I did. A small screen lighted, showing in color and depth a view of the roof under the scout. I pressed the Laser Fire button. A blinding stab of deep reddish light pulsed into the roof. At the spot where it hit there was a flash of fire as the material was vaporized. Pressing the Drop button, I saw a tiny metal sphere neatly deposited into the hole, just below the surface of the roof. Then the Heat beam was projected, and the roof melted in around the globe. It was no longer visible, and when the roofing material cooled it would be undetectable. I felt a deep sense of relief that nobody inside had suspected the carrying-on over their heads. The disc by now had returned to its berth in the ship, and the control panels shut down automatically.

PENTAGON WIRING IS USED AS A POWER SOURCE: "These probes," Orii elaborated, "are attuned to specific mental frequencies, and will disregard all others. They will monitor all brain activity on the conscious level, relaying it to our instruments in the base located out in the ocean near here. Their power source is the weak-but-usable radiations emitted by the building's wiring. We placed them as close as possible to cables, for maximum sensitivity and power output from the transmitter.

OVER TEN THOUSAND MENTAL MONITORS PLACED IN WASHINGTON, D.C.!: "By the time we are through with this particular operation, we will have planted over ten thousand of these little probes in Washington alone. In the long run, we plan to have a total of half a million probes in operation!"

"Now we'll go over to the monitor boards and watch the probes at work." We crossed the room to a display panel full of graphs, scopes, screens, meters, and controls. Orii switched on the power, and adjusted



## THE BOB RENAUD STORY (Cont'd)

several controls. The various units lit up and began their work.

"The board is now monitoring Number 1 probe. Here on this screen you see an oscilloscope with three colored traces. These monitor the brain's electrical activity, such as Alpha waves and the sympathetic nervous impulses. They give us an exact indication at all times of the activity of the brain under probe. They tell us whether it is relaxing, working, daydreaming, and the like. They tell us the rate of the heart-beat by the periodic pulses in the red trace, the sympathetic pulses being the control signals to the heart.

"On a second screen, we have the image of a Standard Man. It is a product of the computer, and is keyed to another set of brain waves, those controlling motion of the body. Every motion he makes is duplicated on this image, from the blink of an eye to the wave of an arm.

EYES SERVE AS CAMERA LENS--THE BRAIN AS A TV TRANSMITTER: "This third screen, the Optical Reproducer, is putting into picture form exactly what his eyes see. This secondary screen below it is just a spare, as the circuitry in this one is very touchy and is prone to problems.

HEADSET ALLOWS WEARER TO EXPERIENCE ALL SENSES OF THE PSYCHPROBED SUBJECT: "The two speakers here monitor what he says and what he hears, by probing the involved areas of the brain for those two functions. I might mention here that the various sections of the brain give out characteristic patterns, immediately identifiable to the computer in charge of this panel. One novel addition we just installed is a headset that places the wearer in psychic rapport with the subject, so that the wearer sees, hears, speaks, smells, tastes, and feels everything the subject senses. Later we will add another element to allow thought to be shared. Would you be interested in trying this one on for a minute?"

I CONTROL A PENTAGON OFFICER BY REMOTE CONTROL: Needless to say, I accepted. Orie plugged its connectors into a panel and placed the helmet-like apparatus on my head. Abruptly, I was in a comfortable chair in a spacious office. Before me, on a mahogany desk, was a copy of a manual on one of our bombers. A typewriter was nearby with an unfinished page of type in it. Assorted papers, pens, and a pair of phones completed the desk array.

Orie interrupted me momentarily by switching the gear to standby. He said, "We're going to give you control of his mind for a while. What you want him to do, he will do. Since you are an Earthman, you are not affected by the laws of non-interference as we are. I'm going to switch you over now." So saying, he threw a switch from Monitor to Control. The headgear then returned to life, and I was back in the office. I noted that only when I directly willed it did I control him. He still reacted normally to his surroundings, however.

I turned my/his head to observe the room. It was quite comfortable for an office. The floor was covered by a carpet which blended nicely with the cream-white walls. Several pictures hung on the wall, along with a number of documents that gave his name in full. Since to give it here would put him in jeopardy, I'll say only that his first name was Joseph. It was very light in the room, the ceiling being one of those with wall-to-wall fluorescent fixtures. The door was at the right of his desk, with a chair on one side and a coat tree on the other. The light switch had a chrome plate on it, with several fingerprints clearly visible.

In the room were other chairs, a table, a bar and TV, a radio, and miscellaneous bookcases and cabinets. On one of the cabinets a picture of his family faced him. It showed his very lovely wife and two children, a boy and a girl.

A secretary came into the room. They conversed a moment about a visitor who was waiting to see him, and then she left. Moments later, a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman entered, carrying a briefcase. They greeted each other with a handshake, and began to talk about matters of which I had no understanding. I took off the helmet then, figuring that what they were saying was none of my business.

Over the speaker, Joseph's voice came clearly. "You know, Ed. I had the wierdest feeling a moment ago, as though I was being watched. Then I felt a distinct urge to make motions I ordinarily wouldn't have done. I don't know --- it was just an odd sensation, as if someone else were in the room here!" Ed said something about working too hard, and they both laughed. Joe sounded just a little uneasy, though.

GREAT POWER NEEDS SPIRITUAL MATURITY AND SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY: I shuddered to think of the psychic atrocities this could be used for if it fell into the wrong hands! People could be forced to kill themselves or others. There could be no privacy. In fact, war could be precipitated by simply controlling various world leaders, and making them declare war. If this were impossible, then the military leaders could be made to begin the war without the leader's consent. In this age of atomic weapons awaiting the push of buttons, how easy it would be to begin the end of mankind! Thank God such power isn't within our grasp! If it were, this Earth would truly be a worse hell than it is at present.

WE'D BETTER GROW UP, OR WE'LL BLOWUP: Orie had become very serious now. "I hate to give you any apprehensions, Bob, but your science can duplicate this device if they want to. Your dismay was well-founded. You are scientifically capable but not ethically prepared or culturally advanced enough for it. You would surely use this for purposes of evil and wrongdoing. It is your way to use everything you get to obtain an advantage over your fellow man, before you even consider using such forces for good.

"This is the one reason why you must bring about a change of heart before such powers become available to you. If these forces are discovered first, God help you." The thought of it all was frightening beyond comparison. My desire to help was greater than ever.

HUMAN FEELINGS AND MIND PATTERNS CHARTED BY MACHINES: Once this ominous note had diminished somewhat, we resumed our tour. We stopped at a panel of moving pen-recorders, such as you see on lie detectors and seismographs. They were recording on photo-responsive paper the same traces as the oscilloscopes were reading out. Orie picked up one sheet and pointed to several sharp peaks. "This is where Joseph became uneasy, when you started controlling his body. Notice also that there is an unsteadiness in the traces. His mind was fighting the outside control signals, but was losing to them because of their much greater strength. At this point you released control. Note the sudden sharp peak and the subsequent return to a slightly less strong waveform. His mind had regained control, but was prepared for another fight. You will also see that the strength and activity of this trace gradually diminishes with time, as the mind relaxes its guard. However, if you will compare it to the pre-takeover pattern --- here, --- you can readily see a marked difference in the shapes of the waves. He will be several hours returning to normal.

INSTANT INSANITY AND HEART ATTACK BY REMOTE CONTROL: "An interesting, but so far untried, technique consists of recording these signals on tape and playing them back a quarter to a half second later, in a sort of feedback or echo signal. It would most likely introduce utter confusion and panic, mental disorientation, and a complete breakdown of thought



## THE BOB RENAUD STORY (Cont'd)

processes. This is another thing you ought to worry about if your science discovers it. You could be driven insane in less than a minute!

"Also, if your heart pulses were recorded and echoed, so that it receives a signal when none is required, it would cause violent fibrillation and subsequent death, as the heart raced wildly trying to respond to the echo signals. Gruesome thought, isn't it?" I had to agree with that!

THINK RIGHT, DO RIGHT, BE RIGHT--OUR ELDER BROTHERS ARE WATCHING!: The pilot had returned by now, and was seated in his chair. At Orii's request he took control, and in a moment we were about three miles above Pennsylvania Avenue. It was relatively quiet, but at four in the morning, which it was by now, what could I expect? Lin-Erri took us over to a unit with a large screen on it. She turned it on, and there appeared the image of the street below us. She adjusted a focus knob, and the clarity and sharpness became incredible. Orii turned a control labeled Magnification, and the scene was exactly as you might see through a zoom lens. The ground came up quickly, and soon we could pick out individual people on the street, what few there were. Orii said, "Pick one of them." I chose a taxi driver who had stopped temporarily for a break.

Orii then went over to another panel called the Remote Psychprobe. He switched it on and focused its beam on the man three miles below. Then he pushed a button marked Computer Analysis. From within the depths of the ship a whirring noise sounded that lasted about five seconds. During this time I noticed that the man was apparently aware of some unseen influence, as he stopped smoking and looked around curiously, as if trying to figure out what had attracted his attention. When the beam stopped, he started puffing on his cigarette again and then scratched his head in bewilderment.

Orii had the typed sheet from the printout unit. He read it off. "His name is Peter \_\_\_\_\_ (last name deleted here for privacy's sake), he is 36 years old, lives in Washington, has a wife and three children, two boys and a girl. He drives a 1961 Chevrolet, white and

red, two door hardtop style, on which he owes three payments. He will be off duty at 0600. He thinks Barry Goldwater is a nut."

CONTACTEES ARE SELECTED AFTER BEING PSYCHPROBED: Orii paused, as if waiting for a comment from me, but I had nothing to offer. Then he continued. "This probe went right into the unconscious mind, the memory division. It is in this way that we get background on those whom we might wish to probe or contact. We can determine their likes and dislikes, their fears and abilities. We plan our programs accordingly. This is the way that you were actually screened before we contacted you. We had to know your interests so that we could establish immediate rapport with you in your own terms. I think we did rather well."

COMPUTER CENSORS PERSONAL INFORMATION: I asked him if this could be used to intrude on private affairs. He replied, "No. The computer has a censor circuit that cancels out all information of a personal nature. We must have it this way." I could well imagine why. There would be much ill will if people knew their strictly private thoughts could be probed. I was relieved that the Space People's sense of ethics absolutely forbade any such violation of privacy.

The rest of the time was spent in discussing various wiring diagrams for their instruments, which I am sure would be of little interest to most of you. Therefore, I will only say that when it was over, and I was returned home, I had a lot of new information and ideas to think about, and then to write about so that it could be passed on to you.

(To be continued.)

NEXT ISSUE:

"Conference At Massachusetts Underground Base."

NOTE: Parts 1 through 36 of The Bob Renaud Story are contained in back issues #18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 25, 26 and 27. A special message from the Korendians is also contained in issue #24. These issues are available from AFSCA for 50¢ each. For the 10 back issues #'s 18 through 27, send \$5.00.

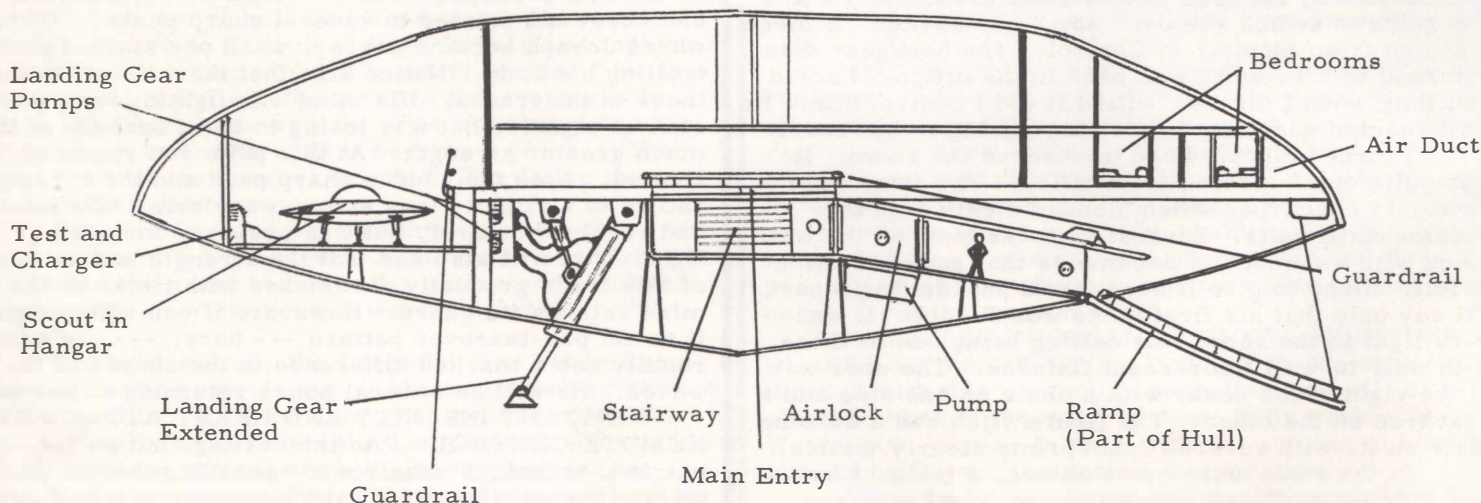
### UNIVERSAL ALLIANCE SCOUTCRAFT

Serial: SR-427-N

(Bob Renaud's Contact Of July 30, 1964)

SCALE: 1" = About 20'

SIDE VIEW CUTAWAY



(Scoutcraft Diameter = 155 feet)

(See back cover for upper and lower deck floor plans.)



AFSCA

World's Largest Contactee-Oriented Flying Saucer Research Organization

# Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America, Inc.

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS: 2004 N. HOOVER ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90027 • PHONE: 662-4404

GABRIEL GREEN  
FOUNDER - PRESIDENT

November 22, 1968



## FLYING SAUCERS: WHAT ARE THEY, WHERE ARE THEY FROM, WHY ARE THEY HERE?

1. WHAT ARE FLYING SAUCERS?: They are extraterrestrial spacecraft of a highly sophisticated design. The manned craft duplicate the gravity conditions and the atmospheric environment from which the occupants come. They are built in many sizes and shapes, according to their function. Some are spherical, but most sightings have been of saucer-shaped objects. The "Mother Ships" which house the smaller "Scouts" are tubular, or cigar-shaped. Many small remotely controlled craft (between 3 inches and 10 feet in diameter) are sent out from larger craft as sensor devices — to pick up all types of data, including sound and television pictures. Most of them are a silver, metallic color. At night, the ionization of the atmosphere around the craft will cause it to give off different colors, depending on the intensity of the propulsion power, etc. Many of the objects give off a brilliant white and/or a pulsating red light. Sometimes the force field around a craft will condense the atmosphere around it so that it appears to be a saucer-shaped cloud.

2. WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?: Some come from other planets within our own solar system such as Mars, Venus, Saturn, etc. Some come from different planets in other star systems within our Milky Way galaxy. A few come from other galaxies.

3. WHAT DO SAUCER OCCUPANTS LOOK LIKE?: They are humanoid, and they can and do pass among us unnoticed. Their skin and hair color varies as does ours, and so does their size. Their height varies from about 3 to 10 feet, depending upon their environmental and racial backgrounds. They are often quite good looking and usually retain a youthful appearance, despite life spans that extend over several hundred years.

4. COMING FROM DIFFERENT ENVIRONMENTS, HOW CAN THEY LOOK LIKE US?: If their environments were radically different from ours, they probably wouldn't look or be human. However, they say that surface conditions on their planets are much closer to our own than we are led to believe by the dogmatic statements of some of our scientists. Temperatures are about the same or milder than ours. Venus, for instance, has no snow even at the poles. Gravity is sometimes less, and sometimes as much as twice that of Earth's. The atmospheric oxygen content of different planets also varies from one half to twice that of ours. Underground bases with artificial gravity and air supply are maintained on our Moon and on other Moons which either are too small or do not rotate sufficiently to hold an atmosphere to them.

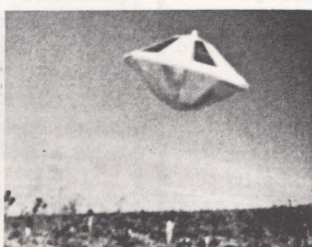
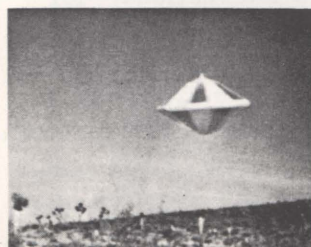
5. DO THEY SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE?: They have their own native tongues, as well as a universal language that is spoken by all members of the Universal Alliance of Planets. They very quickly learn any language which is needed for their functioning on Earth. They have monitored our radio and TV programs for years. With their more advanced methods of acquiring knowledge in a short period of time, it is not a laborious task for them (as it is for us) to learn a new language.

6. HOW DO SAUCERS FLY? WHAT IS THEIR PROPULSION POWER?: Since most of their travel is in space where there is no atmosphere, they do not fly aerodynamically as do our airplanes. They use various forms and applications of electromagnetism and gravitational fields. They do not carry heavy fuel with them, as do our planes or rockets, but instead use fuel cells or the "fuel" (power) which is ever-present throughout the Universe, and which keeps all the planets, stars and galaxies in their orbits. They hover above a planet's surface simply by shielding the amount of gravitational pull on their craft.

7. HOW DO SAUCER CREWS SURVIVE RIGHT ANGLE TURNS AT THOUSANDS OF MILES PER HOUR?: The electromagnetic power which propels the craft also propels every atom within the craft at the same time, thus eliminating any G-forces during sudden changes of direction. Thus their craft can fly tight circles around our fastest planes, without any discomfort to their occupants. Unfortunately, the power which propels our airplanes does not also propel the pilot. (The seat he is sitting in does that.) Thus he is subject to the forces of gravity and momentum when any change of direction is made.

8. HOW DO SAUCERS DISAPPEAR INSTANTANEOUSLY?: By increasing the strength of the craft's electromagnetic field, light is bent around the craft. Radar can sometimes detect a craft which cannot otherwise be seen. However, the saucers are capable of phasing out radar signals so that the presence of the craft cannot be detected.

9. SCIENTISTS THEORIZE THAT MATTER WOULD CEASE TO EXIST AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT. IF THIS IS SO, HOW CAN SAUCERS TRAVEL THE VAST DISTANCES BETWEEN THE STARS?: The Space People say that this theory is as invalid as the previously held belief that man could not surpass the speed of sound. Our own history and continuing progress in scientific achievement offers convincing testimony that the main obstacles to man's progress are the roadblocks in his own mind. That which the mind







of man can conceive he can, in time, achieve. One group of Space People say that after they had developed interplanetary flight (at sub-light speed), it was 1500 years before they were able to surpass "the light barrier" and to achieve interstellar travel. Through friendly exchange of such knowledge with the worlds of other star systems, all advanced planets now have craft that fly many thousand times the speed of light, and vast distances are no longer the barrier they once were.

10. WHAT IS LIFE LIKE ON OTHER PLANETS? DO THEY HAVE WARS AS WE DO?: War has long been eliminated as a means of settling disputes on advanced planets. Poverty, intolerance, injustice, disease and major crime are things of the past. Minor crimes (such as theft) still exist on some planets, but violators are considered sick and are quickly treated and restored to health and society.

Most manufacturing is completely automatic. Man's sustenance for life is his birthright. He lets his knowledge of science and machines work for him. There is much leisure time and visiting of other planets. Many spend all of their time living and traveling in space — their ships being almost completely independent of planets.

11. ARE OTHER PLANETS ORGANIZED INTO A FEDERATION?: Where there is transportation and communication, organization eventually follows. There are many different organizations of planets in the Universe, just as there are yet many independent nations in our world. The Universal Alliance of Planets is the largest in this sector of space. If we choose to accept their offers of help, we should advance sufficiently to qualify for the privileges of Alliance membership in about 200 years.

12. HOW CAN HUMAN LIFE EXIST ON OTHER PLANETS IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM WHEN SCIENTISTS SAY IT IS IMPOSSIBLE?: It is only impossible according to the present limited understanding of some people. The relatively crude and inaccurate instrumentation used to evaluate surface conditions of other planets constantly invalidates itself. Spectrographic analysis of Earth's atmosphere from Earth-built satellites has indicated that no oxygen is present on Earth. Therefore, by the same criteria by which we evaluate the possibility of life on other nearby planets, we must conclude that life on Earth cannot exist either.

A brief look at history indicates that scientists are often very unscientific. Few scientists are qualified as experts on subjects other than their own specialized field of study. True scientists are not dogmatic and do not ridicule or claim to be authorities on subjects about which they know little or nothing.

13. WHY DOES GOVERNMENT POLICY DEBUNK THE EXISTENCE OF FLYING SAUCERS?: Some special interest groups fear the constructive changes that would come about if the truth were known. Many politicians, churches and financial interests maintain their power, influence and control only through calculated enforcement of ignorance. They fear loss of power and loss of control over people's minds, their votes and their pocketbooks. They prefer the status quo — business as usual, in preference to the welfare of the people.

The Space People say they have repeatedly contacted all heads of major power governments. Many credible reports indicate that the U.S. has had several extraterrestrial craft in their possession for years. Through a planned program of ridicule, and the suppression of the information and evidence in their possession, governments thwart the public's interest in and knowledge of the saucer subject. However, hundreds of private saucer research organizations all over the world are helping to gradually bring the truth to the people.

14. WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE SPACE PEOPLE IN COMING TO EARTH?: Many of our ancestors came originally to Earth from other worlds and established colonies here. The Space People have been watching our progress and helping to guide our evolution ever since. Many religions were founded by their representatives who came here as teachers. Development of atomic bombs in 1945 indicated to the Space People that our technology would soon be able to destroy all life on Earth, and perhaps even to disintegrate the planet itself. The disintegration of our planet would endanger life (or cause the loss of it) on other planets in our solar system. They also say that radiation from nuclear tests is more harmful to our planet and to the present and future generations than some scientists realize, and that it is imperative that all underground and atmospheric bomb tests be stopped.

To help us solve our problems and transcend this critical period in our evolution, the Space People have come to offer us their help, and the benefit of their advanced knowledge and experience in surmounting similar critical periods in their own evolution. Their main purpose is to help us effect social and economic change in order to create a healthier, happier, peaceful, just and more abundant world. Once we have provided for our material needs, we will have more free time to develop our spiritual natures, so as to qualify to join with them in their travel among the stars.

15. WHAT IS THE SOURCE OF THIS INFORMATION?: It represents a summary of the experiences and information of hundreds of people throughout the world who have, since 1950, had in-person or telepathic contact with people from other planets.

16. WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP THE SPACE PEOPLE'S GOAL OF WORLD BETTERMENT FOR OUR PLANET?: Learn as much as you can about this vital subject. Then help to pass what you have learned on to others. Quantity reprints of this leaflet are available from AFSCA for 2¢ each, postpaid.

17. WHAT IS AFSCA?: The Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America is a world-wide, non-profit research and educational organization dedicated to the mental, physical, spiritual and economic emancipation of man. It has been disseminating information on the more advanced aspects of Flying Saucer research since its inception in January 1959. It is a complete source of Flying Saucer information and materials. It has members in all 50 states and in 23 foreign countries. It has chapters in over 100 U.S. cities and in 11 foreign countries.

18. WHERE CAN I GET MORE INFORMATION ON THE SAUCER SUBJECT?: Subscribe to AFSCA's quarterly journal, "Flying Saucers International" for information about "Universal Economics: The Key to World Abundance" and "The Great Plan of the Space People." (Six issues for \$3.00. Single copy, 50¢.)

For a list of Flying Saucer books, photos, magazines, post cards, lapel buttons, bumper stickers, etc., send a 6¢ stamp to AFSCA.



THE FIFTH ANNUAL UFO SPACE AND SCIENCE PUBLIC SYMPOSIUM will be held on Sat. (1 to 10 PM) and Sun. (10 AM to 10 PM), Feb. 1 & 2, 1969 at the Golden Valley Auditorium, 13506 Sherman Way, Van Nuys, Calif. General admission is \$3.00. Students \$1.50. Dr. Frank E. Stranges is host. A \$5.00 per person banquet will also be held on Friday, Jan. 31st at 7:30 PM. The public is invited. Many well known contactees are scheduled to speak, and UFO slides and movies will be shown. Further information: 780-7703.

## AFSCA UNIT 1 MEETS IN LOS ANGELES:

Marvin Mochel, Director of AFSCA Unit 1 announces that his unit is now meeting twice monthly at 8 PM on the 2nd Sat. and on the 3rd Thursday of each month. Meetings are open to the public. Taped messages from the Space People are featured, along with discussion of the purpose and plan of the Space People. For further information, phone: 563-0824.

## KEEP USING THOSE BUMPER STICKERS!:

"Flying Saucers Are Real, The Air Force Doesn't Exist" bumper stickers are still available from AFSCA in 4 different fluorescent colors (Red, Yellow, Orange and Green) for only 10¢ each, postpaid. State colors wanted. Add tax where applicable. Our address is on the bottom of the sticker in small letters, so this is an excellent way to let interested persons seeing your sticker know where to get more information and literature on the saucer subject.

NEW SAUCER INFORMATION SHEETS (reprints of pages 13 and 14 in this issue) answering some of the most commonly asked questions on the saucer subject, are now available from AFSCA for 2¢ each, in quantities of 10 or more. Passing these out to your friends is another good way to "help pass the word until everyone's heard!"

NEW SAUCER COLOR PHOTOS: The new Villa #3 Saucer Photo Sets (including detailed printed explanation) are now available from AFSCA for \$4.70 each. They consist of 13 - 3 1/2" x 5" color prints of photos taken by contactee Paul Villa near Albuquerque, New Mexico on June 19, 1966. They are without doubt the most close-up, detailed and best quality saucer photos yet made available to the public.

## SEVEN NEW AFSCA UNITS FORMED:

99. AFSCA Unit 99; Richard J.R. Pluth, Teen-Dir.; 5060 Oakdale Ave.; Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364. Phone: (213) 346-8647.
100. AFSCA Unit 100; Christian Daniel Assoun, Dir.; 7 Square Jean Bouin; St. Marguerite, Marseille 9, France.
101. AFSCA Unit 101; Dr. Irene G. Kavula, Director; P.O. Box 6224; Wolcott, Conn. 06716. Phone: (203) 879-2122.
102. AFSCA Unit 102; Len Jason, Teen-Director; 1137 - 105th Ave.; Dawson Creek, B.C., Canada. Phone: 782-8008.
103. AFSCA Unit 103; Kevin McCray, Teen-Director; 1773 Lattimer Drive; Columbus, Ohio 43227. Phone: (614) 861-2302.
104. AFSCA Unit 104; Imeh Emmanuel, Director; 70 Uzor St.; Ajegunle, Apapa, Lagos; Nigeria, Africa.
105. AFSCA Unit 105; Theresa Kanost, Teen-Dir.; 4021 N.W. 19th St.; Oklahoma City, Okla. 73107. Phone: 946-4604.

"FROM MATTER TO LIGHT" by channel Hope Troxell is a new book available in soft cover for \$2.75 (including tax and postage) from: School of Thought; P.O. Box 257; June Lake, California 93529.

"WARNINGS FROM FLYING FRIENDS" by Arthur Shuttlewood is a new book available for \$4.00 from: Portway Press; Warminster, Wilts, England.

## "WORLD UNION OF FLYING SAUCER CLUBS" GETS NEW MEMBERS: New Regular Members are:

1. Aerial Phenomena Research Administration; Ronny Jay Germany, Director; P.O. Box 15344; Del City, Oklahoma 73115. "American Flying Saucer Review", \$3.50/yr. (Q).
2. Interplanetary News Service; "Searchlight", \$2/yr. Timothy Green Beckley, Founder and Director; 3 Courtland St.; New Brunswick, N.J. 08901.
3. Interplanetary Space Ship Society; Mike Parry, Pres. 87 Selsea Ave.; Herne Bay, Kent, England. "Interplanetary News & Phenomena Mag.", \$2.50 (Q).
4. National Aerial Phenomenon Organization; Bruce D. Bennett, Pres.; "UFO Media", 30¢/yr. (B). 82 Norman Lane; Levittown, New York 11756.
5. "UFO's and Space Science"; \$1.00/yr., quarterly. Michael Bruce, Pres.; Phone: (212) 989-5580. 1123 Broadway, New York 10010.

## WUFSC NEW ASSOCIATE MEMBERS:

1. American Flying Saucer Investigating Committee; Kevin McCray, Director; Phone: 861-2302. 1773 Lattimer Drive; Columbus, Ohio 43227.
2. Cosmonautic and Aeronautic Research and Development Administration (CARDA); Len R. Jason, Dir.; General Delivery; Dawson Creek, B.C., Canada.
3. Chapel Hill Aerial Phenomena Investigations Committee (CHAPIC); Angelo Capparella III, Director; 307-B Pine St.; Carrboro, North Carolina 27510. "The UFO Informer", 35¢ per issue, monthly.
4. Intercontinental UFO Research and Analytic Network (ICUFON); Colman VonKevicsky, Director; 35-50 75th St., #1-C; Jackson Heights, N.Y. 11372.
5. New England U.F.O. Research Group; Charles Fate, Director; 1 Sterling Square, Apt. 913; So. Boston, Mass. 02127.
6. Unidentified Flying Object Investigation Committee; Rick Simon, President; 49 Addison Crescent; Don Mills, Ontario, Canada.
7. The Wichita UFO Study Club; Mrs. Harold Baker, President; 717 S. Poplar; Wichita, Kansas 67211.

ROBERT LOFTIN, age 50, author of "Identified Flying Saucers", passed away of a heart attack while on his way to a Flying Saucer meeting in Tulsa, Oklahoma on November 21, 1968.

## NEW FLYING SAUCER BOOKS

Books listed here are now available from AFSCA. Prices include a 15¢ charge for mailing. Residents of California please add 5% sales tax.

"UFO FLIGHT" (\$5.15), by contactee Hal Wilcox, gives an account of Hal's latest saucer trip to the planet Selo in the Alpha Centauri system.

"IDENTIFIED FLYING SAUCERS" (\$6.10) by Robert Loftin. A fine book by the late author.

"THE BIBLE AND FLYING SAUCERS" (\$4.10) by Barry H. Downing. Biblical accounts of Flying Saucers.

"THE INTERRUPTED JOURNEY" (\$1.10) by John G. Fuller. The amazing story of Betty and Barney Hill, who revealed under hypnosis their kidnapping for two "lost hours" aboard a Flying Saucer. (Pocketbook)

"FLYING SAUCERS - HERE AND NOW!" by the late Frank Edwards. Now in pocketbook for only 90¢.

"NEW UFO BREAKTHROUGH" (90¢) by Brad Steiger and Joan Whritenour. Allende Letters report.

"FLYING SAUCERS UNCENSORED" (90¢) by Harold T. Wilkins. (270 page pocketbook)

"FLYING SAUCERS ARE WATCHING US" (90¢) by Otto O. Binder. (189 page pocketbook)

"ARE THE INVADERS COMING?" (75¢) by Steven Tyler. Not as ominous as the title. (Pocketbook)



# ALLIANCE SCOUTCRAFT

(Bob Ranaud's Contact Of July 30, 1964)

SCALE: 1" = 20'  
DIAMETER = 155 FEET  
SERIAL NUMBER: SR-427-N

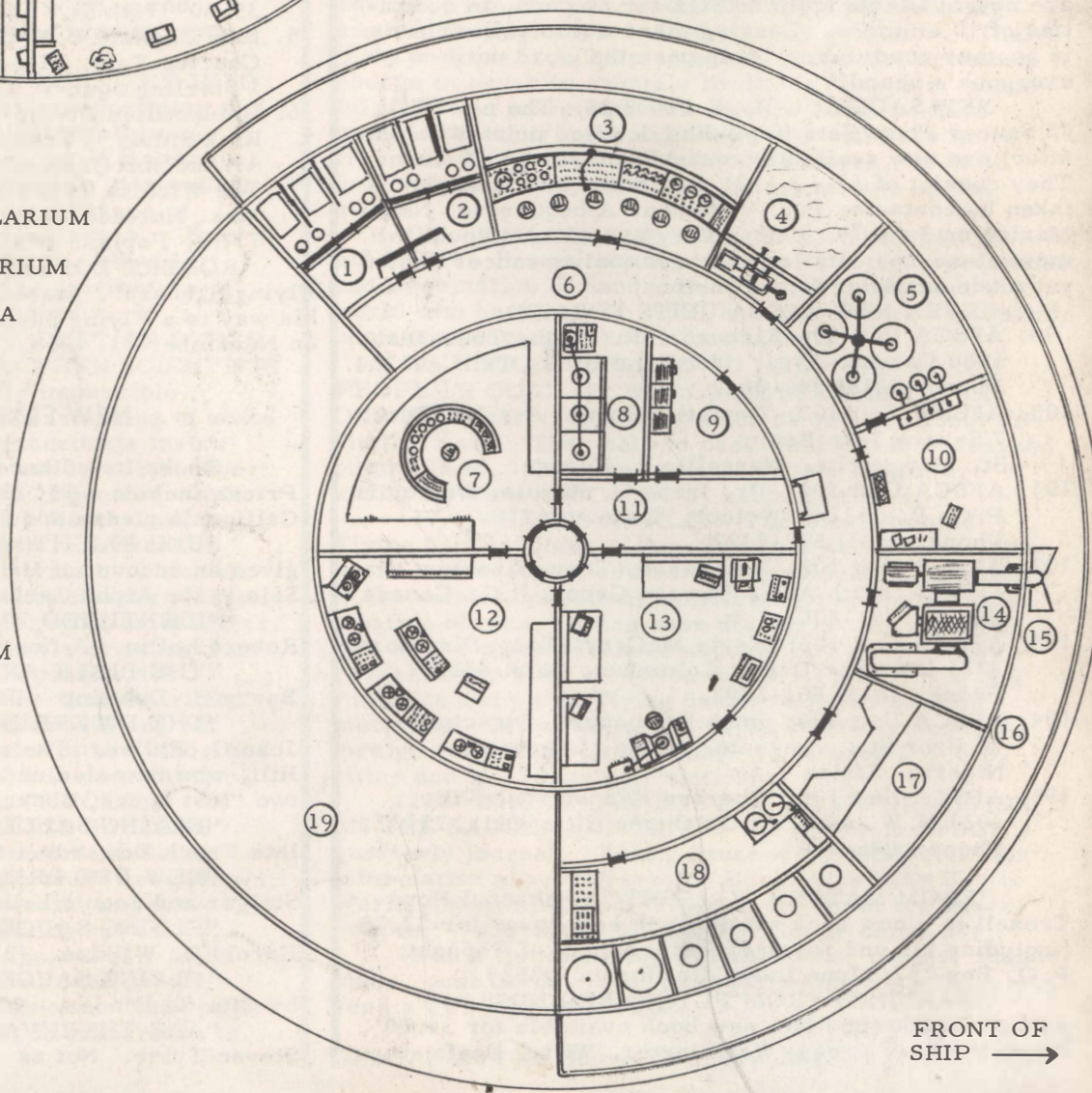
## LOWER DECK (at left)

1. STORAGE
2. REFRIGERATED STORAGE
3. KITCHEN
4. DINING AND CONFEREN
5. HANGAR
6. IRIS AIRLOCK
7. CONTROL ROOM
8. MEN'S LAVATORY
9. LADIES' LAVATORY
10. MEN'S QUARTERS
11. LADIES' QUARTERS
12. PILOT'S AREA
13. MAIN ENTRY IRIS
14. PANORAMIC DISPLAY SCREEN
15. LOUNGE
16. COMMUNICATIONS AND POWER
17. DISC BOARD
18. MONITOR AREA

(SEE PAGE 12 FOR SIDE VIEW)

## UPPER DECK

1. LADIES' LAVATORY AND SOLARIUM
2. MEN'S LAVATORY AND SOLARIUM
3. REMOTE DISC MONITOR AREA
4. WATER TANK AND PUMP
5. GAS STORAGE - AIR TANKS
6. CORRIDOR
7. COMPUTER
8. TELEPORTERS
9. RECORD STORAGE
10. GAS AND AIR CONTROL ROOM
11. HALLWAY
12. RECORDER BANKS
13. LABORATORY
14. AIR CONDITIONING ROOM
15. AIR INTAKE FOR BLOWER
16. MAIN STALE AIR DUCT
17. LAB MATERIAL STORAGE
18. DISC ROOM AND TEST UNIT
19. HANGAR AREA



FRONT OF  
SHIP →